

# Readings Booklet



## GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 33  
Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

January 1984

**Alberta**  
EDUCATION

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**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION  
ENGLISH 33**

**PART B: Reading (Multiple Choice)**

**READINGS BOOKLET**

**GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS**

Part B of the English 33 Diploma Examination presents 65 items in the Questions Booklet and nine reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

**CHECK TO MAKE SURE YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 33 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 33 READINGS BOOKLET.**

**YOU WILL HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.**

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

**DUPLICATION OF THIS PAPER IN ANY MANNER, OR ITS USE FOR PURPOSES OTHER THAN THOSE AUTHORIZED AND SCHEDULED BY ALBERTA EDUCATION, IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED.**

**JANUARY 1984**

I. Read "Neighbors" and answer items 1 to 5 from your Questions Booklet.

NEIGHBORS

They live alone  
together,

5 she with her wide hind  
and bird face,  
he with his hung belly  
and crewcut.

They never talk  
but keep busy.

10 Today they are  
washing windows  
(each window together)  
she on the inside  
he on the outside.  
15 He squirts Windex  
at her face;  
she squirts Windex  
at his face.

20 Now they are waving  
to each other  
with rags,  
  
not smiling.

*David Allan Evans*

II. Read the following advertisement and Pat Jones' rough draft of a letter of application in response to it, and answer items 6 to 10 from your Questions Booklet.

Advertisement

## HELP WANTED

Green Thumb Plants Company requires one full-time and one part-time worker for its downtown tropical plant store. Applicants should be energetic and personable. Experience caring for and transplanting plants is required. Knowledge of plant diseases and of Latin names is desirable. Salary commensurate with experience. Excellent company benefits and opportunity for advancement. Apply in writing, before February 25, 1984 to: Mr. Phil O'Dendron, 79 Garden Drive.

Draft of Letter of Application

100 Centre Street,  
Oxton, Alberta  
T5S 4W6

1983-11-29

Mr. Phil O'Dendron,  
Green Thumb Plants Company.  
79 Garden Drive  
Oxton, Alberta  
T5R 3YK

Dear Sir:

(W) I have just finished grade 12 and I am looking for a job. I think the position you are advertising would be perfect for me.

(X) I am available for an interview any time. You should ring me at ~~home~~ my home number when you call to make an appointment with me for the interview.

(Y) Of course, you will be glad to hear ~~that~~ I have two years experience. I worked at Shamrock Nurseries until I quit because of an argument with my boss. He wouldn't give me enough hours. Anyway, I learned a lot there.

(Z) I hope you will hire me because I need the money. Also I am interested in getting a job that has a future to it.

Sincerely yours,

Pat Jones



**III. Read the excerpt from “The Outlaw” and answer items 11 to 19 from your Questions Booklet.**

from the short story, **THE OUTLAW**

She was beautiful but dangerous. She had thrown one man and killed him, thrown another and broken his collar bone, and my parents, as if they knew what the sight of her idle in her stall was doing to me, never let a day go by without giving lurid details, everything from splints and stitches to the undertaker, of the painful and untimely end in store for me should I ever take it into my fool young head to try to ride her.

“I’ve got troubles enough without having you laid up with broken bones and doctor bills. She’s a sly one, mind, and no good’s ever come of her.”

“Besides, you’re only turned thirteen, and a grown man, a regular cowboy at that, would think twice before tackling her. Another year and then we’ll see. You’ll both be that much older. In the meantime nobody expects it of you.”

In the meantime, though, she was captive, pining her heart away. Week after week she stamped and pawed, nosed the hay out of her manger contemptuously, flung her head and poured out wild, despairing neighs into the prairie winds and blizzards streaming past. It was mostly, of course, for my benefit. She had sized me up, evidently, as soft-hearted as well as faint-hearted, and decided there was just a chance that I might weaken and go riding. Her neighs, just as she intended they should, tormented and shamed me.

She was a good horse, but a reprobate.<sup>1</sup> That was how we came to own her. At the auction sale where she was put up, her reputation as a killer spread among the crowd, and my father got her cheap. He was such a practical, level-headed man, and she was so obviously a poor investment, that I suspect it was because of me he bought her. As I stood at his side in the front row of the crowd and watched them lead her out, poised, dramatic, radiant, some of the sudden desire that overwhelmed me must have leaped from my face and melted him.

“Anyway, she’s a bargain,” he defended himself that evening at the supper table. “I can always sell her and at least get back what I paid. But first I want to see what a taste of good hard work will do.”

He tried it. His intention was to work her on the land a month or two, just till she was tamed down to make an all-round, serviceable saddle horse, but after a painful week of half-days on the plow he let her keep her stall. She was too hard on his nerves, he said, straining ahead and pulling twice her share. She was too hard on his self-respect, actually, the slender limbs, the imperious head.

For she was a very lovely reprobate. Twenty years of struggle with the land had made him a determined, often hard man, but he couldn’t bring himself to break her spirit with the plow.

*Sinclair Ross*

<sup>1</sup>reprobate – immoral, unprincipled character

IV. Read the excerpt from *For Every Man an Island* and answer items 20 to 28 from your Questions Booklet.

from the play, **FOR EVERY MAN AN ISLAND**

**CHARACTERS**

Martha Mead – in her early forties  
Peter Mead – her fisherman husband  
Charlie Mead – 13 year old son  
Cavell Mead – 15 year old daughter  
Jennifer Mead – 19 year old daughter

*Grassy Island, Newfoundland. (Opens in the Mead kitchen on a May night about 7:30. Martha is getting ready to go to a meeting.)*

**SOUNDS: KITCHEN BUSTLE**

5 **Martha** Now, Peter, don't forget to take my bread out of the oven about quarter past eight. Remember what happened the last time. It was burnt to a crisp.

**Peter** I'll remember this time, maid. That other time I was listenin' to Joey on the radio and I got fair carried away.

10 **Martha** (*triumphantly*) Well, my man, if all goes well tonight you'll be watching Joey on the television the next time he makes an important speech.

**SOUND: PIPE BEING TAPPED OUT**

**Peter** Do you really think 'twill go through, Martha?

15 **Martha** (*briskly*) Well, I s'pose it will after all our work! Job Turner's crowd were the only ones holdin' out but I think the bit of money got them won over. They never seen much hard cash in their lives, poor souls.

**Peter** (*with a sigh*) I s'pose if we got to go we got to go. But no other fishin' room will ever seem the same to me.

**Martha** You don't really want to go, do you Peter?

20 **Peter** It's not that I don't want to go, old dear. I know it's the only thing we can do. It's ridiculous to be livin' on this old island with just nine families. But it's home and I don't think I'll ever be contented anywhere else.

25 **Martha** Well, I will be, I can tell you that. I'll be contented knowin' there's a doctor within call if anyone takes sick in the night. I'll be contented to have Cavell and Charlie going to a decent school and getting their proper learning instead of being stuck in that one-room shack with a teacher who can't get a job anywhere else.

*CONTINUED*



- Peter** (mildly) Jenny done all right in that one-room shack.
- 30 **Martha** Yes, but Jenny's smart. She made it up by all the time readin'. That Cavell now, she's a different breed of cat. Got her mind on nothing but the boys.
- Peter** There'll be boys in Carlisle too, Martha.
- Martha** Now, Peter, don't go gettin' me mad before I go to the meeting. I want to be calm tonight. The other women are depending on me.
- 35 **Peter** Women! It's the women got this place so bad as it is. They're all so worked up about leavin'. The men'd just as soon live out their lives here.
- Martha** (angrily) Ah, yes, but they've never had a baby in a spare room with only a cranky old midwife to tend them. And they're generally all gone to the lumber-woods in the winter-time when we're really cut off here.
- Peter** The lumber-woods are no picnic, Martha.
- 40 **Martha** I know that, but it's not the same, Peter. A bunch of men together, playin' cards in the evening and telling jokes. It's better than being stuck on an iced-in island frettin' over a sick youngster or wonderin' if you'll have enough firing to last the winter.
- SOUND: DOOR OPENING AND BOY'S HEAVY FOOTSTEPS**
- 45 **Charlie** (as he enters) Runnin' down Grassy Island again, Mom? Can't wait to get away, can you? Dan Tucker says there's no decent trout in them old Carlisle ponds.
- 50 **Martha** Those ponds. Just because you go to a one-room school is no reason you can't talk proper. Don't you start, now, Charlie. I got to listen to enough from your father and Nan. Anyhow, when Jenny comes home tomorrow she'll take my part.

Helen Porter



V. Read "The Country Auction" and answer items 29 to 39 from your Questions Booklet.

### THE COUNTRY AUCTION

Sold! You just bought it friend, a lovely old rocker that soothed the backside of some aged dowager<sup>1</sup> for nearly four score years (until her untimely passing last winter).

5 You really didn't intend to buy anything, but it's so quaint; and as the ebullient gent flailing<sup>2</sup> the air with his cane from atop a makeshift dais<sup>3</sup> assures all present, you picked it up for "a steal, a real steal. Why normally those fine old chairs go for. . . ."

10 We recently spent an hour trying to pry trade secrets from Clayton Hands, a rural auctioneer of some 40 years. Far from being a modern-day Shylock bent on relieving poor rural folk of hard-earned cash, Hands proved to be a friendly man who gave forthright answers that were frequently surprising and always illuminating.

We levelled with him: "Clayton, is it still possible to get terrific bargains at auctions?"

15 "Look at the dealers and you'll rarely see them bid more than once or twice on an article. They know exactly what things are worth and that keeps me and everybody else honest."

"What exactly is the essence of the auctioneer's trade?" we asked. "Is it an 'honest' profession?"

20 "The way I look at it," he said, "is that 60 percent of the people who come to auctions don't really come to buy anything. They come for a show. To that extent I'm a showman and little more. People like the excitement and speed of an auction. It's a lot like a fire or a fight.

25 "Of course I play upon these emotions. We call it auction fever. You can look at working an auction in the same way as you look at running a race; you have to warm up first. That's where all the little stuff at the beginning comes in. Little items don't mean a thing to the auctioneer, but you have to warm up the crowd. Once you get them going you bring on the big stuff. If you're ever going to get money out of the crowd you'll get it then. . . .

30 "It's the faces. You can tell by the expressions on people's faces. I'm always looking at the faces. . . ."

Because of the omnipresence of dealers and antique-wise city folk, your chances today of picking up a Chippendale<sup>4</sup> washstand for a song because it has been overlooked as a flimsy piece of junk are infinitesimal.

35 But it's a steady series of solid buys that creates the successful auction goer, and according to Hands, solid buys are still to be had in abundance on Saturday afternoons in country barnyards.

"Sure," he told us, "you can bet I'm going to try to get as much money as I can for an item. And it's also natural that a buyer should want to get it for as little as possible.

<sup>1</sup>dowager – dignified elderly lady

<sup>2</sup>flailing – beating

<sup>3</sup>dais – a raised platform

<sup>4</sup>Chippendale – relating to an 18th-century English furniture style

CONTINUED

40      “But the biggest trick of the auctioneer’s trade is knowing when to say ‘sold’.  
Let the bidding drag on too long and you kill the crowd. Say ‘sold’ too soon and  
then you’re giving the stuff away.

45      “So the best way to get a good deal is to know what an item is worth and then  
just throw your bid right in. Say I start the bidding at \$50; you can bet that’s pretty  
close to what the article’s worth. Maybe I’ll have to drop it to \$20 before someone  
bids. Soon as that happens throw in your bid at \$40. You’ll scare people away and  
still get a good buy. If I can keep the bidding going up a dollar or so at a time I’ll  
have sold the item for \$75 before you know it. . . .”

*The Staff of Harrowsmith*

**VI. Read “Shipwreck at Frenchman’s Cove” and answer items 40 to 45 from your Questions Booklet.**

**SHIPWRECK AT FRENCHMAN’S COVE**

Your shape  
half buried  
in the sand  
breaks suddenly  
5 the stretch of shore  
and indeed  
you are a skeleton  
your ribs  
sloping upward  
10 to the noon sky  
and those boys  
who crawl  
over your remains  
like so many disturbed ants  
15 are they so prone  
to death  
that they are drawn  
to your grave  
or do they find  
20 some perverse comfort  
in knowing  
that you too  
were killed by the sea  
like so many of their fathers  
25 before them

*Al Pittman*



**VII. Read the following materials about Robin's trip and answer items 46 to 53 from your Questions Booklet.**

Robin is planning a trip to Europe starting March 31, 1984. In preparation for her trip Robin has collected the following material:

- T** – a letter from friends in Greece
- U** – a copy of *Europe on \$7.00 a Day*
- V** – a recent newspaper article about Winkl, Austria
- W** – a brochure about guided tours
- X** – a budget
- Y** – a copy of *A Hiker's Guide to European Art*
- Z** – a copy of *When is the Water Safe to Drink?*

**T.**

Dear Robin

Mykonos  
January 30, 1984

Greetings from Greece

We are now well into our second month in Greece. Keep meaning to leave, but like so many others we have fallen in love with the place. We started out in Athens, then went on to a tiny village on Crete where we spent over three weeks. . . . The friendly people included us in their daily lives – even to the extent of showing us how to bake bread in the community ovens. . . . After stopping at Delphi we decided to go to Mykonos. So here we are on this beautiful white and windmilled island, where the storks and pelicans patrol the returning fishing boats and the townspeople carry their dead in flower-decked coffins. . . . We plan to stay here four more months.

Hope you'll come,

*Kelly and Jerry*

**U.**



*Europe on \$7.00 a Day* proves you can travel widely on such a lowly sum and enjoy it. Canada's no. one hitch-hiker gives a colorful account of himself before proceeding with solid information on the art of "thumbing." His chapter on free accommodation is particularly enlightening. *Europe on \$7.00 a Day* offers helpful travelers' tips on packing, route planning, exchanging currency, and getting by in 22 languages.

*CONTINUED*

## V. AFFORDABLE HOLIDAY IN AUSTRIAN VILLAGE

By MAVIS LOWE

Northam News

WINKL, Austria — This pretty village 30 km east of Salzburg is part of the affordable Austria that dollar-conscious Canadians are looking for. Winkl is the home of the Seeleitner guesthouse where a double room with breakfast for two rents for \$10 a night. Singles cost \$5. . . .

## W. Brochure on Guided Group Tours

\*\*\*\*\*  
GREY'S CONDUCTED  
\*\*\*\*\*

COACH TOURS  
OF  
EUROPE



Guided Group Tours  
of Europe and  
the British Isles

Accommodation and  
meals prearranged

WORRY-FREE TRAVEL!

\*\*\*\*\*

## X. Robin's Budget

Income

summer job  
part-time winter job  
graduation presents  
savings (last winter)  
sale of car, stereo?

Major Expenses (new)

back pack  
insurance  
youth hostel card  
postage  
train pass  
sleeping bag/tent  
hiking boots  
camera  
presents

Outcome

BON VOYAGE!


Y.

**A HIKER'S GUIDE  
TO EUROPEAN ART**

This is a handy pocket-sized guide to all of the major museums and public art galleries in Europe. It includes information about locations, public transportation, admission fees, business hours and food services. Its detailed information about artists and works of art is clearly and simply presented. A helpful guide. Softcover, 140 pages. Only \$2.95.

Z.

**WHEN IS THE  
WATER SAFE  
TO DRINK?**



A guide to staying healthy while travelling. Includes advice and information on food you can always count on, how to buy in the local markets, how to cook in one pot, and much, much more!

VIII. Read the excerpt from “Mrs. Golightly and the First Convention” and answer items 54 to 59 from your Questions Booklet.

from the short story, **MRS. GOLIGHTLY AND THE FIRST CONVENTION**

Mrs. Golightly was a shy woman. She lived in Vancouver. Her husband, Tommy Golightly, was not shy. He was personable and easy to like. He was a consulting engineer who was consulted a great deal by engineering firms, construction firms, logging firms in particular, any firm that seemed to have problems connected with traction. When he was not being consulted he played golf, tennis, or bridge according to whether the season was spring, summer, autumn or winter. Any time that was left over he spent with his wife and three small children of whom he was very fond. When he was with them, it seemed that that was what he liked best. He was a very extroverted sort of man, easy and likeable, and his little wife was so shy that it just was not fair.

At the period of which I write, Conventions had not begun to take their now-accepted place in life on the North American continent. I am speaking of Conventions with a capital C. Conventions with a small c have, of course, always been with us, but not as conspicuously now as formerly. In those days, when a man said rather importantly I am going to a Convention, someone was quite liable to ask What is a Convention? Everyone seemed to think that they must be quite a good thing, which of course they are. We now take them for granted.

Now Mr. Golightly was admirably adapted to going to Conventions. His memory for names and faces was good; he liked people, both in crowds and separately; he collected acquaintances who rapidly became friends. Everyone liked him.

One day he came home and said to his wife, “How would you like a trip to California?”

Mrs. Golightly gave a little gasp. Her face lighted up and she said, “Oh Tom. . . !”

“There’s a Western and Middle Western Convention meeting at Del Monte the first week of March, and you and I are going down,” said Mr. Golightly.

Mrs. Golightly’s face clouded and she said in quite a different tone and with great alarm, “Oh Tom . . . !”

“Well, what?” said her husband.

Mrs. Golightly began the sort of hesitation that so easily overcame her. “Well, Tom,” she said. “I’d have to get a hat, and I suppose a suit and a dinner dress, and Emmeline isn’t very good to leave with the children and you know I’m no good with crowds and people, I never know what to say, and — ”

“Well, *get* a new hat,” said her husband, “get one of those hats I see women wearing with long quills on. And *get* a new dress. Get *twenty* new dresses. And Emmeline’s fine with the children and what you need’s a change, and I’m the only one in my profession invited from British Columbia. You get a hat with the longest feather in town and a nice dinner dress!” Mr. Golightly looked fondly at his wife and saw with new eyes that she appeared anxious and not quite as pretty as she sometimes was. He kissed her and she promised that she would get the new hat, but he did not know how terrified she was of the Convention and all the crowds of people, and that she suffered at the very thought of going. She could get along all right at home, but small talk with strangers — oh, poor Mrs. Golightly. These things certainly are not fair. However, she got the dress, and a new hat with the

CONTINUED



45 longest quill in town. Spent a long time at the hairdresser's; and how pretty she looked and how disturbed she felt! "I'll break the quill every time I get into the car, Tom," she said.

"Non-sense," said her husband, and they set off in the car for California.

*Ethel Wilson*

**IX. Read “Big Boy Buys Bike” and answer items 60 to 65 from your Questions Booklet.**

**BIG BOY BUYS BIKE**

Lately I’ve been standing on the bathroom scales on one foot, to try to mitigate<sup>1</sup> the wild spinning of the dial. It’s been no use. The big fat heron still weighs close to 200.

Desperate to fight off the growing resemblance to a Japanese wrestler I decided to buy a bike. I had this beautiful vision of pedaling myself down to a Gregory Peck. I waited till it was dusk one day last week, then walked down to Fred’s cycle shop, where I did all my bike business twenty years ago.

I felt a bit silly, standing there amongst the tricycles and wagons, while Fred disposed of a customer about eleven years old. But Fred put me at my ease at once.

“I remember you,” he said, adjusting his glasses. “You used to bring your bike in here all the time for free air.”

“I need exercise, Fred,” I said briskly, to quash any idea he might have that I was trying to buy cheap transportation. “How about a good second-hand bike?”

“Sure thing. Got just what you want.”

Fred led me into the back of the workshop, where the carcasses of several bikes hung from hooks. He rattled one of them.

“There’s a dandy. For an old customer like you, thirty bucks.”

“You think it’ll hold me?” I asked. I could see myself riding a sway-backed CCM and drawing indignation from bike-lovers.

“Sure she will,” said Fred. “A year’s guarantee, even for a big fellow like you. I bet you weigh one-ninety anyhow.”

“You’re very close,” I said.

“Oh, I can tell,” he said, eyeing my middle. “I once guessed a horse weighed a ton and twenty. Turned out the horse weighed a ton and fifteen. I’d have won ten dollars if I’d gone in the contest.”

I whinnied admiringly.

“I’ll put another saddle on her,” Fred went on, momentarily confusing me. He called his helper and said, “Get that big saddle out of the back, the one beside the toilet.”

“That’s very kind,” I said.

I wheeled the bike into the front of the shop, as a couple of people came in with a lawn mower to be sharpened. They glanced curiously at me holding the old bike, and for a moment I thought they might offer me a job mowing their lawn.

The helper came out with the biggest saddle I have ever seen, a yellow one with a rail around it, apparently to contain every conceivable bottom.

While the helper tightened the nut on the bigger saddle with unnecessary violence, Fred took care of the lawnmower people and came back to put air into the tires.

“You’ll need 45 pounds pressure in the tires anyhow,” he said, “a big fellow like you.”

<sup>1</sup>mitigate – relieve

*CONTINUED*

40 Fred went away to find a valve cap, and the helper, with a quick glance at my hindquarters, took the air hose and jabbed in a few more pounds.

I was going to ask the price of a bell, but decided that anybody who couldn't see a big fellow like me coming needed his eyes examined.

45 "Maybe I should buy a spanner,"<sup>2</sup> I said, as Fred christened my valves with fresh spit.

"You don't need no spanner," he said, taking my cheque. "Anything needs fixing, you just bring her in. No charge for an old customer."

50 Instinctively raising his head to keep his beard out of the spokes, the old customer wheeled the bike out of the shop. In the gathering twilight, he rejected the idea of riding the bike up the hill home. Just buying a bike can tucker a man out.

So I walked her home, listening to the quiet chuckle of the chain, and already feeling a good four or five pounds lighter.

*Eric Nicol*

<sup>2</sup>spanner – wrench



## CREDITS

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M3 

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**(FIRST NAME)**

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**SIGNATURE:** \_\_\_\_\_